

The Carpenter's Plane Narrative.
"Oh, beam my life, my awito me!"
He cried, his flame addressing—
"I'll adse such a love as yours,
I'll ask no other blessing!"
"I am rejoiced to hear you speak,"
The maiden said with laughter,
For tho' I hammer guileless girls,
I plane what you are after!"
"Low, if I love you just a bit,
What further will you ax me?"
"Now will you be content to that,
Or will you further tack me?"
"He looked hand-saw her words were squar—"
"No rival shall displace me—"
Yet one more favor I implore,
And that is, dear Em, brace me!"

FARM, GARDEN, AND HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Hints

MUCILAGE.—This is a mucilage which will unite wood or mend porcelain or glass: To eight and one-half ounces of a strong solution of gum arabic add thirty grains of a solution of sulphate of alumina dissolved in three-quarters of an ounce of water.

HARD SOAP.—Six pounds of clean grease, six pounds of sal soda, three pounds of stone lime; slake the lime and put it into four gallons of soft water; add the sal soda, and when dissolved let it settle. Pour off the water into an iron kettle and add the grease melted, and boil. If the soap does not come after boiling a few minutes add more soft water till it is of the consistency of honey. Wet a tub and pour the hot soap into it. When cold cut it into pieces and lay it away to dry. Always make soap in an iron kettle.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Take a patent pailful of spring water, pour it into a stone jar, take one pound of lime, one pint of salt; let it stand for three days, stir it every day, then pour it off and put in your eggs.

TO MEND CHINA.—Take a very thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of paris until the mixture becomes of a proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the china and stick them together. In three days the articles can not be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

SODA FOR BURNS.—All kinds of burns, including scalds and sunburns, are almost immediately relieved by the application of a solution of soda to the burnt surface. It must be remembered that dry soda will not do unless it is surrounded with a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. This method of sprinkling it on and covering it with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution. It would be well to keep a bottle of it always on hand, made so strong that more or less settles on the bottom. This is what is called a saturated solution, and really such a solution as this is formed when the dry soda is sprinkled on and covered with a moistened cloth.

Established Rules for Successful Poultry Raising.

In raising poultry or stock it should be the aim of every one to keep it healthy and improve it. You can do it very easily by adopting some systematic rules. These may be summed up in brief as follows:

Construct your house good and warm so as to avoid damp floors and afford a flood of sunlight. Sunshine is better than medicine.

Provide a dusting and scratching place, where you can bury wheat and corn, and thus to induce the fowls to take needful exercise.

Provide yourself with good, healthy chickens, none to be over three or four years old, giving one cock to every twelve hens.

Give plenty of fresh air at all times of the year, especially in summer.

Give plenty of fresh water daily and never allow the fowls to go thirsty.

Feed them systematically, two or three times a day, and scatter the food, so that they can't eat too fast or without proper exercise. Do not feed more than they will eat up clean, or they will get tired of that kind of food.

Give them a variety of both dry and cooked food; a mixture of cooked meal and vegetables is an excellent thing for their morning meal.

Give soft feed in the morning, and the whole grain at night, except a little wheat or cracked corn placed in the scratching place to give them exercise during the day.

Above all things keep the hen house clean and well ventilated.

Do not crowd too many in one house. If you do, look out for disease.

Use carbolic powder in the dusting bins occasionally to destroy lice.

Wash your roosts and bottom of laying nests with white wash once a week in summer, and once a month in winter.

Let the old and young have as large a range as possible—the larger the better.

Don't breed too many kinds of fowls at the same time unless you are going into the business. Three or four will give you your hands full.

Introduce new blood into your stock every year or so, by either buying a cockerel or sittings of eggs from some reliable breeder.

In buying birds or eggs go to some reliable breeder who has his reputation at stake. You may have to pay a little more for birds, but you can depend on what you get. Calls are not cheap at any time.

Save the best birds for next year's breeding, and send the others to market. In shipping fancy poultry to market send it dressed.—*Poultry Nation.*

Agricultural Items.

A Chicago *Times* correspondent writes: For killing lice on cattle or horses take sassafras roots, boil them to a strong tea; take some old cloth and wash the animal so as to wet the hair and hide thoroughly, and I will guarantee it to destroy the lice. Either warm or cold when applied will do this. I have used this on cattle and colts with the best of success, and no danger of any had effect or injury to the animals.

Ewes in lamb should, as far as practicable, be fed and sheltered separate from the non-breeding animals, as the crowding and more rapid movements of the latter are apt to result injuriously, while such separation makes more convenient certain little attentions to which breeding ewes are entitled as the yearling season approaches, and which may be profitably accorded to them.

A common, or what is called a scrub cow, belonging to Judge Payne, of Milan, Missouri, according to the *St. Louis Journal of Agriculture*, fourteen years old, at nine calvings, has dropped twenty-three calves. One steer and three heifers dropped by this cow on the 26th of June, 1876, weighed on the same day in June, 1880, 1,700, 1,704, 1,574 and 1,536 pounds, altogether 6,514 pounds. In June, 1878, the cow dropped three heifer calves, which themselves calved before two years old, namely in March, April and May, 1880, and all have proved good milkers. In August of the present year this same cow dropped four calves—one bull and three heifers.

To make barren fruit trees bear, several modes are practiced by orchardists. Root-pruning, i.e., digging a trench a foot or so deep all around and about three feet from the body of the tree, is one mode. Another is to take a sharp knife and make an incision through the bark around the body of the tree; this is called "girdling," and has been practiced with success for centuries, and the trees thus made to yield fruit of superior size and quality. Some recommend taking out a quarter of an inch in width of the bark all around the entire body of the tree, but a thorough incision through the bark with a sharp knife has been generally found to be sufficient to throw the tree into bearing. The sooner it is done in the spring the better.

A New Departure.

An advertising agent for one of the great circus combinations has been in Detroit for a week past, and yesterday he sat down long enough to answer a few questions. The interview started off as follows:

"How many diamond pins will you wear this summer, and what will be their value?"

"I shall not wear any. Our show has made a new departure in that matter, and nobody except the man in the ticket-wagon will be allowed to wear diamonds. I am just going up to the express office to send my seven pins, four rings and sleeve-buttons home to my brother."

"How many consolidated shows do you advertise?"

"Only thirteen, but we have exactly sixteen. We do not intend to do any blowing this summer, but will practice the modesty dodge. We have twelve clowns, but advertise only ten. We have ten elephants, but advertise only eight, and so on right through."

"Have you the only man in the world who can turn a double somersault over sixteen horses?"

"No; there is another man who can do it, and although he is in State Prison we didn't want to say we had the only one. We shall practice no deception and carry no humbugs."

"Have you the only baby elephant?"

"Yes, sir, but we don't advertise it. We don't want to be mean towards other combinations."

"Have you twice as much capital invested as any other traveling show?"

"Yes, sir, but we don't say so on the bills. The public don't care about the capital, but want too see the animals."

"Will your street parade be a mile long?"

"Two of them, sir, but we don't advertise that fact. We let people come and be agreeably surprised."

"Have you got an elephant which has killed seven men?"

"Seven! Why, he's laid out eight this very winter! I think the list foots up thirty-two, but we don't advertise it. An elephant is an elephant, and what's the use of blowing about it?"

"You have two or three man-eating tigers, of course?"

"Of course—seven or eight of them, and we also have a list of the names of people who have been eaten by them, but we don't want to blow about it."

"Have you a boa-constrictor forty-eight feet long?"

"We have one sixty-two feet long. He's the longest and largest snake ever imported, but we give him only one line on the bills."

"Have you the sacred cow of India?"

"Yes, sir, and the sacred ox of Japan, and a sacred calf and a sacred pig, but we don't blow over 'em. We let the public come in and separate the sacred from the unsacred themselves."

"Will you have two circus rings?"

"We shall have four, but we don't put it on the bills. As I told you at the start we are making a new departure. We shall not exaggerate. We shall not even tell the plain truth. No diamonds—no trumpets—no slide challenges—no humbug offers—no field of the cloth of gold. We are going to sail along in a gentle, modest way and give the people five times the worth of their money. That's all—children half price and no lemonade sold inside the tent."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Michigan has the only uniformed female brass band in the world.

EUROPE'S RICHEST FAMILY.

The Rothschilds.—Some of their Habits, Likes, Dislikes and Peculiarities.

The head of the French branch of the Rothschild family, says a Paris letter, is the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. He is the financier of the family, and the faithful continuer of the traditions of his father, the late Baron James. He is an indefatigable worker—up earlier than most of his clerks, and one of the first to enter the office. He takes his lunch in the bank, and never leaves it till the doors are closed. He possesses an intellect at once cool and luminous; he sees a situation at a glance, and all the advantages that can be derived from it. He has not only the temperament of a financier, but the science of finance. In Paris he is fond of walking about the streets, and he may be seen on foot, not only when he leaves the bank, but after dinner, or leaving a party. He does not care for show, and no passer-by is attracted by the splendor of his equipages. In the country he hunts and shoots, more for the sake of his health than from any passion for the chase. His wife, a beauty, with the temperament of an Englishwoman, is a more ardent follower of sport than he is, is constant in her attendance at race meetings, and may be seen in the spring mornings, however late she may have left the ball, galloping in the Bois. She is a devoted patroness of the theatre, and is one of the grandes elegantes of Parisian high life. But while associating with them, she never imitates their luxury of dress or their pretensions to originality. Her dresses are always simple, and her jewels never indicate the treasures of which she is mistress.

Baron Alphonse has three children. The eldest, Bettina, passed her examinations at the Hotel de Ville, when she was in her sixteenth year. She is the wife of her cousin, Albert Rothschild, of Vienna. The second daughter, Beatrice, is said to promise both grace and beauty. The son is still young.

Baron Gustave looks after the external relations of the banking house. He is less cold and reserved than his brother Alphonse, and is a conspicuous member of the Jockey Club, where he is one of the most determined players. His wife one day complained that her husband's losses at the club amounted in one year to a hundred thousand crowns. "Be thankful, my dear," said the old lady whom she was addressing, "a passion for the queen of spades will not disturb the household of a Rothschild." The Baroness Gustave, like all the other ladies of the house of Rothschild, is well acquainted with the larger transactions of the house. The late emperor only once during his reign visited the magnificent chateau of Ferrieres, celebrated now as having been the King of Prussia's headquarters. He passed the day there. The male members of the firm were in attendance to receive their guest, and the Baroness Gustave had for that day signature of the firm.

Baron Edward cares little for the fluctuations of the Bourse. He is a bibliophile of rare worth. The rivalry between him and the Duke d'Annamale for the possession of rare works has raised the price of all curious or ancient editions. With such buyers in the market there is no chance now of the humble bibliomane finding a treasure among the bonquins of the Quais. Baron Edward is not a selfish collector. He supplies means and encouragement for the publication of rare editions, and he is a great connoisseur in bindings. His wife, Adelaide, was one of the Prussian Rothschilds.

Charlotte, the sister of these three brothers, was, by a custom not unusual among Continental Jews, married to her uncle, Baron Nathaniel. Her eldest son, James, who is married to another cousin, Therese, has been called lately to the bar. He has even held a brief in court, and he lost his case with the best grace in the world. He is usually regarded as the probable successor of his uncle Alphonse, whose industry he shares, and whose teachings he follows. A younger brother, Arthur, is a man of generous and lively disposition. He values his wealth for the pleasures which it procures for him and his friends. He tries his hand at everything. He is an officer of artillery in the territorial force, a post obtained only by a severe examination; he is a passionate hunter and an ardent yachtsman. He has the finest yacht in France. Two years ago he projected an expedition to the East, and enrolled as companions of his travels a number of artists. He has written a "Histoire de la Post," an excellent monograph, and he has formed a collection of postage stamps valued at \$20,000.

The mother of the two Rothschilds just mentioned, the Baroness Charlotte, and her mother, the Dowager Baroness James, are really the greatest figures in the family. The latter held a considerable place in society during the reign of Louis Philippe. Her grace and tact brought the Faubourg St. Germain into the salons of Rue La Fayette, and opened the door of the most aristocratic mansions to her children. Her personal attachment to the Queen Marie Amelia, and her devotion to the house of Orleans prevented her from ever coming to terms with the court of the Tuileries under the empire. She underwent last year an operation for catarrh, and the expressions of sympathy which she received from all quarters prove the esteem in which she is held. All the grand traits of her character are found in her daughter Charlotte. For fifteen years she was the devoted nurse of her blind and paralyzed husband. As a widow she consecrates herself to her children. She is a lover of art, and a mean artist. Some of her water-colors

exhibited at the Salon were much admired, and her house is always open to the masters of literature and of art. Like her mother, she is the patroness of innumerable charities well known to the public. In secret deeds of charity she is equally indefatigable, and many an aristocratic family could not hold its position in the world if it were not for the generosity and discretion of Charlotte Rothschild. The Baroness Salomon was early left a widow, and still wears her weeds. Her daughter, an only child, is the richest heiress of the Rothschilds. She has a passion for horses, and is as skillful and intrepid a coachwoman as the queen of Belgium.

Baron Adolphe was the head of the house at Naples. He wound up its affairs and now lives in Paris, a simple rentier. He is seen everywhere; in the theatres, the studios, the fashionable salons, his blonde beard is always visible. His wife, a particular friend of the late queen of the Two Sicilies, had a salon at Naples which possessed great political importance. At present, her Paris salon in the Rue de Monceau, has an ultra aristocratic air. Like all of her name, she is nobly generous, and has established an ophthalmic hospital in the valley of the Rhone for patients of all religions.

Only one of the continental branch of the family has abandoned the religion of her ancestors. This is the young Duchess Alexandrine de Gramont, one of the Frankfort Rothschilds. Love proved more potent than family tradition.

Wise Sayings.

Truth gives wings to strength.
Report is a quick traveler but an unsafe guide.

Our charities and indulgences should be mutual.

What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune.

We always find wit and merit in those who look at us with admiration.

A real spirit should neither court neglect nor dread to bear it.

How small of all that human hearts endure The part that king or laws can cause or cure.

Slow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

Let every man strive to add a good name to his other capital.

Lose not time thou own for want of asking for it; 'twill give thee no thanks.

The strongest part of our religion today is the unconscious poetry.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear; Heaven were not Heaven if we knew what it were.

I have often thought that the nature of women was inferior to that of man in general, but superior in particular. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, Brags of his substance, not of ornament: They are but beggars that can count their wealth.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish from the want of kindness from those who should be their comfort than from any other calamities in life. The heights by great men reached and kept, Were not attained by sudden flight, But they, while their comrades slept, Were toiling upward in the night.

Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward. Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed and not fail.
Oh, what a pure and sacred thing Is beauty, curbed from the sight! Of the gross world, illumined One only mansion with her light!

It Was There.

It had been raining for six long hours Saturday when a man wearing an old beaver cap and a faded army overcoat entered a hardware store on Woodward avenue, shook the water off his back, and said:

"About eighteen months ago I left my umbrella in this store."

"Yes."

"It was a bran new umbrella with a white handle."

"Yes."

"And now I guess I'll take it away."

"Certainly. Where did you leave it?"

"Behind the door."

"Well, there it is."

"Ah! Any charge for storage?"

"None."

"Well, I'm much obliged."

"Not at all. Any time you leave an umbrella here it will be safe for ten years. Good day."

There are hundreds of men in Detroit like that merchant. They might pass a trade dollar on a stranger, but they would never appropriate his umbrella.—*Free Press.*

Took a Sneeze Together.

Somebody put pepper in Mr. Grouty's cologne bottle, and when he took a sniff at it he got about two spoonfuls up his nose, and the way he sneezed was a circumstance. About the time he had been at it for ten minutes, and was shedding tears copiously, and felt sure that he should loosen his hair at the roots, and perhaps his teeth would come out, a friend entered. "Is anything the matter?" asked the friend. "N-n-a ca-chor-ooo-ooo—no!" answered Grouty, and then, when he finally got a little quiet, he gave the bottle to his friend and said: "Smell of this." And while the friend was tearing himself all to pieces, Grouty asked: "Is anything the matter, or are you just doing it to kill time?" They are foes now.—*Boston Post.*

Robinson went up to his room the other afternoon and noticed that there was only one match remaining in the box. "Now, if that shouldn't burn to-night when I come in," soliloquized he, "what a fix I should be in." So he tried to see if it was a good one. It was.

The Chicago *Times* is in favor of 13 and 14 o'clock. Steady in the ranks, and we'll soon upset this double time business.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashionable Fancies.

The beads on new cut jet trimmings are hollow, which makes their weight light and their cost heavy.

One of the favorite mantles of the season is that with the sides gathered into a small sleeve that is merely caught at the wrist, while it is sloped though like a mantle toward the back. The back is laid in pleats, and the front is trimmed with passementerie, pleated lace and fringe.

Harper's Bazaar advises that brunettes and ladies with sallow complexions use the eum-tinted muslins and laces that look as if they had been dipped in coffee, or else that they confine themselves to the black neck-wear, which is always stylish and nearly always becoming.

Many of the silk and satin shoes have long attenuated monograms, worked or painted on the toe and instep. They are in the same style as those which have of late ornamented parasols. Generally only two letters are arranged; they are worked in gold and silver, as well as colored thread, in satin stitch. House and table linen are marked in the same way.

There are various flounces made expressly to be worn round dark foulard skirts. Some are of exquisite white or eum embroidery; others are of brown linen, edged with lace to match; others still are of white linen, trimmed with Mech. in lace. The disadvantage of a white flounce as a border to a skirt is that it makes it appear too short, and as if it was worn over a petticoat that came below it. However, as it is a current fashion, there is nothing to say.

Fans are often now suspended from the right side of a ball or dinner dress by loops of pale-colored ribbon, attached by an old-fashioned paste buckle. Smaller buckles are used for finishing off the ribbon that is run as the head of the long evening silk mittens, or that which passes round the arm of the gigot or elbow sleeves. Ladies who have these old-fashioned ornaments are fortunate now, as they can show them off in many ways.

Lace ties, fichus and bows require much style in the wearer. Black lace bows and black lace collarettes are beginning to be worn. Most of the newest for day wear are either the closest of ruffs or are large collars reaching to the shoulder. A fashionable style among artistic dressers consists of two gathered frills of lace, one above the other, turning down from the neck. Those who desire to be well dressed should make a study of the kind that suits them best.

Some of the smartest and newest aprons are made of cream or fancy Madras muslin, trimmed with cream and colored lace, as well as with a narrow pleating of the muslin. They are finished off with colored bows, and some have a small spray of flowers fastened into loops of lace or ribbon on the pockets. They are worn for bazars, tennis or over morning indoor costumes. Pinafores made of the same are worn over saten or foulard dresses. For children's best dresses they are very suitable and dressy looking. They are long at the back and half draped.

A Buried City.

French newspapers report the discovery in Algiers, by the archaeologist, M. Tarry, of a city which had been entombed in the sand. M. Tarry's attention had been awakened by the mound-like appearance of the sandy soil, and some digging brought to light the minarets and upper portion of a mosque. Further excavations laid bare a terrace, a tower, and about a dozen houses, all in excellent preservation. He reported his discovery to the Government of Algiers, which has undertaken to have the site thoroughly explored. The place is in the southern part of the province, not far from the Town of Ouarla, and exposed to the full blast of the sandy winds from the desert. Probably a succession of siroccos bearing clouds of sand completely filled up the streets and houses, making the town uninhabitable, and so drove out the population. At present there is no ground for conjecture as to the date of the occurrence.—*London Times.*

Illinois Deadly Weapon Bill.

Both houses of the Illinois Legislature have passed a bill to regulate the carrying of deadly weapons, and to prohibit their sale to minors. The main features are a penalty of from \$10 to \$200 for carrying a slungshot or similar weapon, and a penalty of from \$25 to \$200 for selling or lending weapons to minors. All dealers are compelled to keep a register open to the public, giving the names and ages of all persons to whom such weapons are sold, which record must give the price paid and object for which it was bought. The bill also makes a misdemeanor, punishable by fines varying from \$25 to \$200, to carry a razor as a concealed weapon.

An Estimable Lady.

Many of the old epitaphs found on country tombstones are notable only for their oddity, but here is one which contains in brief compass a whole nest of Scripture lessons. It is engraved on the slab which covers the grave of an old lady in Massachusetts:
A Sarah to her husband,
A Eunice to her children,
A Lois to her grandchildren,
A Lydia to God's ministers,
A Martha to her guests,
A Doreen to the poor, and
An Anna to her God.

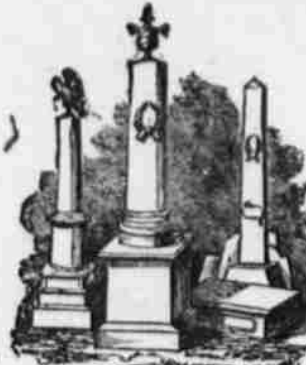
The husband of this good woman must have been a highly favored man, and her children must have risen up and called her blessed.
Thirty days after a Michigan man got a divorce from his wife to marry one with a handsome face, the woman fell heir to \$287,000. You bet that ex-husband feels like a man with the jumping toothache.

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